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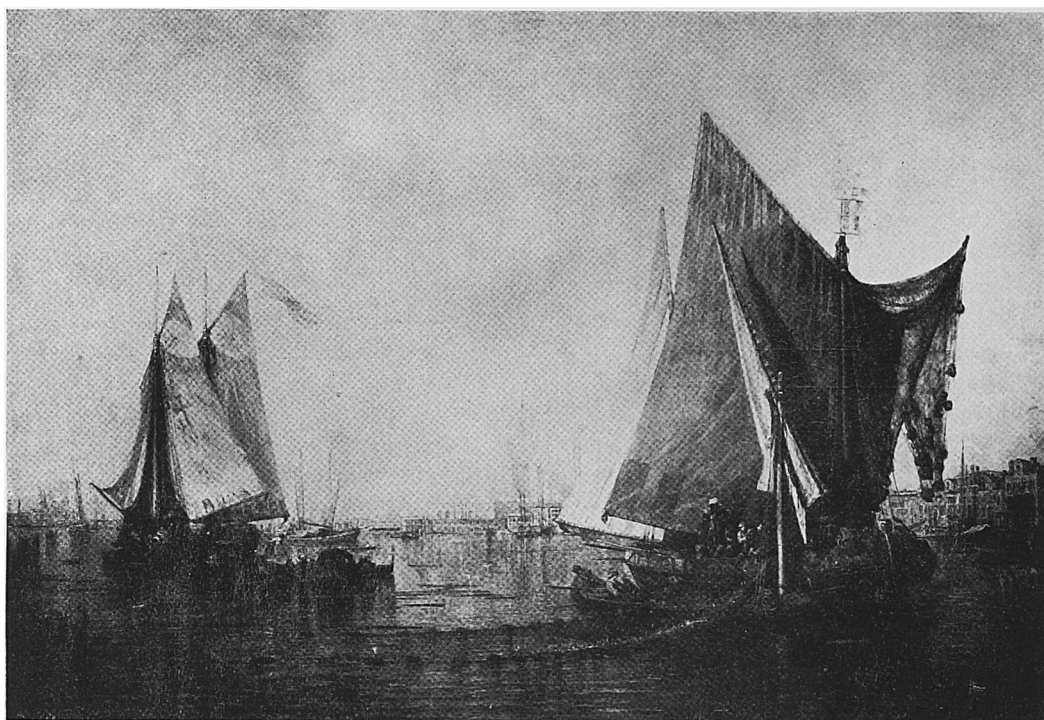
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"FIN DE PROMENADE"
By F. Humbert (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"VUE DE VENISE"
By Felix Ziem (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

Colors in Nature—The Sense of Color— Color-Tone—Value

(Continued)

By CHARLES LOUIS BORGMEYER

[Chapter VI]

WE ARE at the bottom of a sea, four or five hundred miles deep, looking up to the sun through an ocean of dust-laden, vapor-filled air that breaks and deflects the rays of light that would blind us were we to see them in their purity. As the ray leaves the sun it is violet-blue, just as the white flash which we see under the anvil at the blacksmith shop, is violet-blue. The myriads of vapor, dust and smoke particles that fill the air, obstruct the sunbeam, twist and break it up so that by the time it passes through the atmosphere which surrounds us and reaches

us, we get very little pure light. The violets and blues are the poorest travelers and are caught by the upper atmosphere, making our blue skies.

Imagine, if you can, that this vapor, dust, etc., forms a reddish yellow haze and as the light from the sun comes to you it must pass through this haze and in transit is eaten up (as light passing through the water of an ocean is lost until there is midnight darkness) or what rays survive come to you reddened or yellowed as if they had passed through a reddish yellow glass. This deceives you into thinking that the sun itself



"LECTURE"
By H. Morisset (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

is yellow or red. After a rain has cleared the air of its dust and dirt, the sun is whiter. When there is but little moisture in the air the sun is whiter. The colors we see are dependent upon the clearness of the air. Where there is much dust, like in the desert countries, the coloring is less strong than in the north where the vapor is frozen and there is very little dust. There may be more local color but the rays that reach us from the sun in the north are deeper and clearer. In the north, the reds, blues, greens, are cruder, while in the south the heat draws the particles up into the air and the colors are blended with other colors by reflection, often so eating up the local colors that at first glance it gives you the feeling

of its being all of a steely color. Light striking solid bodies, houses, trees, hills, mountains, is obstructed altogether and gives us shade. This brings us to the recognition of what we call light and shade.

The change of color, which the blending of two or more colors produces, is a purely physical phenomenon. Bodies have no individual color. According to their nature, they possess in a greater or lesser degree the property of decomposing and reflecting the light from the sun. This we learned in our text book, but to commit to memory and repeat it like a parrot is one thing; to know what it means is another. I can think of no better way of getting at the kernel of the subjects of tone value and color

value, than in the series of books published by the *National Arts Society* under the title of "*Fine Arts*."

Color value is subdued to the tone value. Take, for example, a mother-of-pearl shell and place it in shadow; all the colors will subdue and harmonize themselves to that shadow. Here the shadow is the tonic or cord value, viz.: the tone.

Color in its finest sense is not a thing to be arranged by any amount of intellectual exertion. Call it a question of warm and cold. You either like or dislike. Then you begin to grasp the oppositions of warm and cold and the different degrees that lie between. Every scene has warm and cold in it. Take a typical hotel room with red and green decorations. As we sit in this room, everything comes into a general feeling of red and green, warm and cold, with a little bit of neutral in it. The warm in the room is strong; the white is green, in this case, let us say a tender green; the red being very strong produces a dramatic situation, a great contrast, snap. If the green curtains and wall paper were of the same value with the carpet, that is, if they were of the same color of red, the whole would not be dramatic.

I want to see how many kinds of greens there are in this room. I look at the bed cover, the paper on the wall, the curtains at the windows. All are a sort of green and by comparing them, one with another, I get an enriched idea of green. In the same way with the reds. Then by comparing and looking and trying to see and feel how much bluer one red is than the other, I finally get full of color. Then I look around and com-

mence to ask myself questions. I have been taught that there are but three colors in nature, red, yellow and blue, but I see twenty colors. This puzzles me, but by sifting out and analyzing the elements of my impressions I find only my three Primary Colors and their combinations. They are called Primary Colors because when combined they go back to white light which is not a color and does not exist in the rainbow or the prism. The laws ruling the use of these colors and their complements form an interesting study of affinities and what happens when they are mis-mated, but we have not space to go into that.

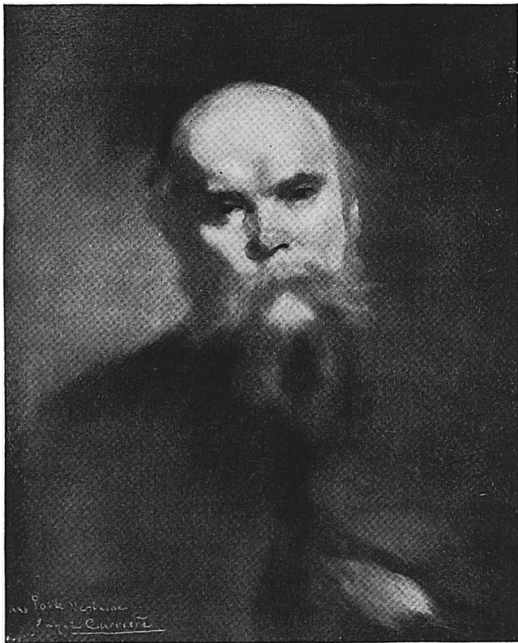
Yesterday when I looked out of my win-



LA LEÇON

By Jules Alexis Meunier (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



THE POET VERLAINE

By Eugene Carrière (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

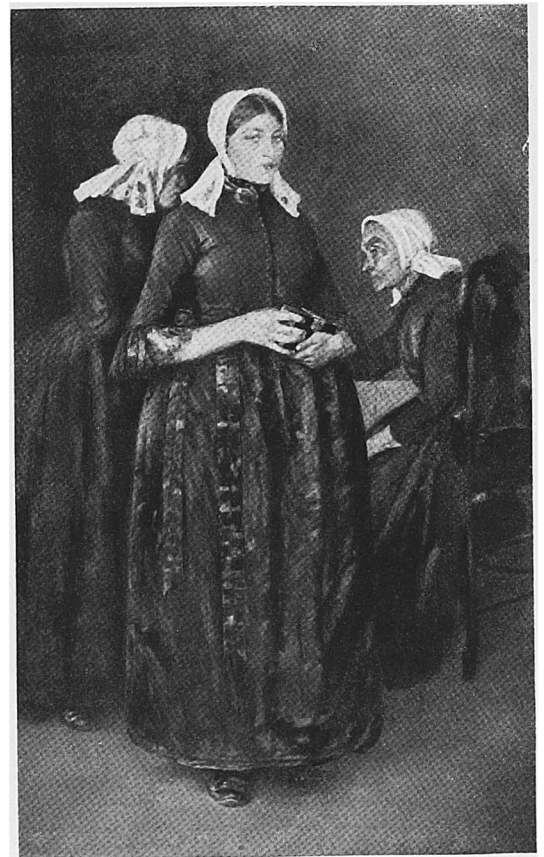
dow I felt it to be a gray day. Every object emerged, touched by the haze. The atmosphere was thick and the light gray. My vision was through a thin film more or less of a neutral color, and things seen through it lost some of their local color or were modified by it. When a painter succeeds in giving to his picture the feeling the day gave to me, it has the quality of tone. Today the light is clear, therefore everything comes to my vision through a thin, whitish film, which reduces the local colors; it eats them up, viz.: if the local colors were made up of twenty colors, I would see them all under the domination of this whitish film. Were it a half hazy day the colors would be seen through a rosy haze. The atmosphere would eat up less of the local color than on a clear day.

Yesterday on the gray day when my eyes and mind looked out toward the horizon there was no opposition. Nothing in it slapped me in the face. My eyes perhaps wandered a little more toward one spot than another, and my imagination

might have peopled this half seen space with all manner of objects, shop-girls going to work; ferry-boats groping their way across the river; ships coming up the harbor, etc., but there was nothing to call me up sharply and say, "See, here I am!"

The eye penetrates water of a greenish color. The eye penetrates it because it is non-resisting and it takes in or absorbs the view. The water is transparent and does not emit, transmit or reflect. Now color is that quality of an object by which it emits, reflects or transmits certain rays of light and absorbs others, thus producing a specific effect on the eye, depending on the nature of the rays reaching the optic nerve.

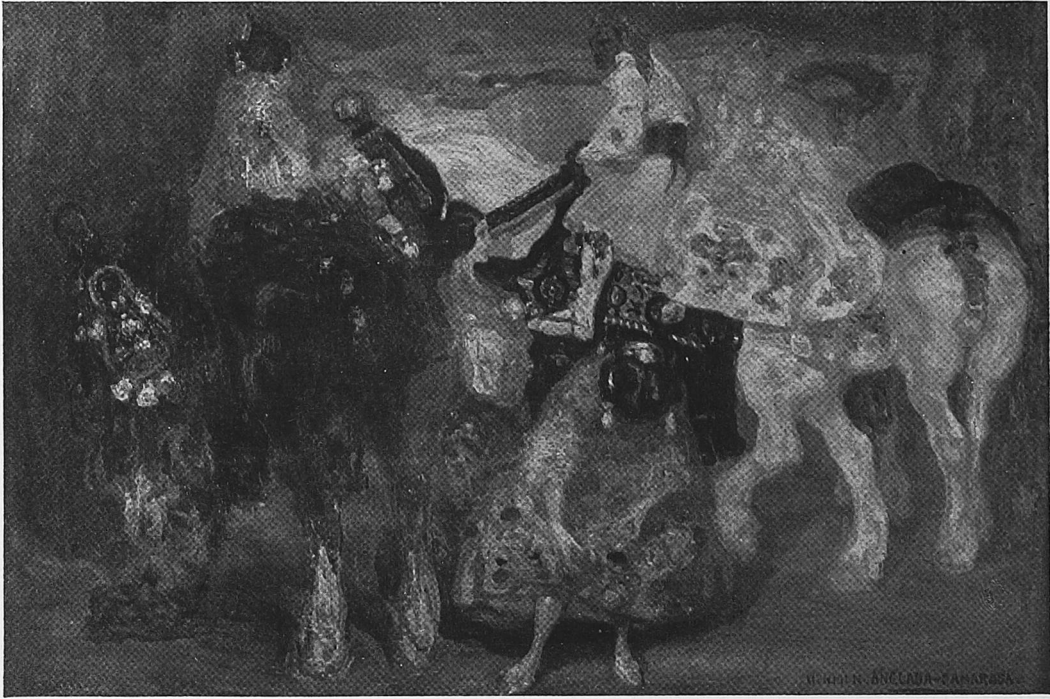
The brass of a lamp when seen in a light place near a window has a green yellow feeling, which is not so resisting as when



HOLLANDERS

By W. McEwen (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"PHANTASIA"
By Herman Anglada-Camarsa (Spanish)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

seen farther away from the window. The red of the carpet near the window in the light is also less resisting than farther in the interior of the room. The color and sheen of brass is opaque, so is the red carpet and earth when it is red. Millet's earth resists. Resistance in color may be translated into opaqueness in color, a color which is not transparent or translucent and one which is impervious to light.

An object can be brilliant in color and yet not transparent. A piece of coal is brilliant by its surfaces reflecting. There are only two surfaces in this world. One is rough, the other is smooth. One is wet, the other dry. The smooth surfaces lose more of their local color than the rough, because they reflect foreign conditions, outside things, while the rough surfaces do not.

Different forms of the same colors will have different degrees of resistance. Take for example, the white polka dots of a woman's dress. These spots hold our eyes so that the woman is secondary. Let those

spots be white springs of flowers and there will be no resistance.

Some people give the same feeling of resistance that colors do. A too violent man, either in words or visual expression, resists; a negro is too spotty when fancifully dressed, and so resists.

In a blue sky the white cloud high up resists, while a murky sky or a foggy sky at a distance does not resist. Resistance in art, as in everything, is a big thing. It is defined as the exertion of opposite effort or effect. Electricity in its natural state is without temperature. Carbon and tungsten filaments in all incandescent light bulbs offer resistance to the flow of electricity and become so very hot that they emit bright light, and thus afford a striking example of resistance.

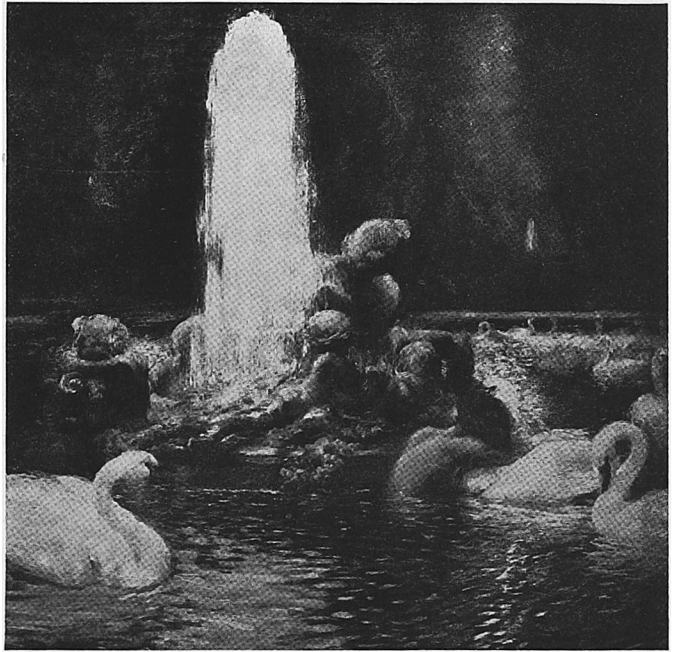
Take two human beings, both coming along the street. You fail to see one; he does not resist; he does not fight space; he creates no opposite effect, while the other one fights so much you can see nothing else

for the moment. Resistance is like charm; it is difficult to describe. Charm is individual and is lost as soon as it is described, while resistance must be felt.

Each generation, indeed, each school of art, has a special sense of color. The Venetian School put color before all else. Titian is spoken of as the first colorist, while Correggio was a past master of color. Among the Dutchmen, Rembrandt was a powerful thinker in color. Delacroix was first among those of the Nineteenth Century to put color in the first rank of importance.

When a man is considered a good colorist he has a good appreciation of warm and cold. This is where Delacroix is superior to Bouguereau. Delacroix had it and Bouguereau had not. A Bouguereau may touch but will not grip you. You are interested but your interest is not held. You hear two pieces of music; one you endure, the other you enthuse over. One is a mild example of enjoyment, the other is one of enthusiasm. Take for example the *Marseillaise*. This is full of enthusiasm and you want to sing and march with it, while to an ordinary march you simply listen.

It seems to be a divergence of vision, a different manner of seeing and translating, for as far as the medium used to express color is concerned, the old Flemish masters had very much the same material to make their colors of as the manufacturers have today. To go further back, the colors of the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans were made of natural metallic oxides, ochres and earths. Their only advantage was that they made their own colors and so were assured of their purity, for undoubtedly they made them with the care that they exercised in everything else.



"LES CYGNES"

By Gaston La Touche (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

One of the things required of the old painter was that he produce a good solid lasting piece of work, and in order to do this he was trained for the work, just as nowadays a piano maker is trained for his work. He could make frames and gild them, paint houses and do many things far beneath the dignity of the artist of today. All this training made for durability and their pictures have staid brilliant through the centuries. If the modern artists were assured of the physical immortality of their pictures, the effect would surely be wholesome.

It often happens that pictures change in color greatly after painting. For instance, the black in many of Whistler's pictures has come through and delicate tones of gray have turned yellow. One can see without much mental effort how much charm must be lost by these tricks of the paints. Among the Luxembourg pictures are several that are not lasting well. Of course, the care a museum gives its pictures is more scientific than can be given in the usual home. One of the many threatening

dangers comes through the atmospheric pressure and the porousness of the colors. The air and gases are constantly absorbed by the colors, engendering chemical compositions capable of attacking the colors. Pictures not protected by varnish naturally suffer the most. Light and dampness help in this destructive work and gas is deadly. About the best protection the amateur can give is to protect his pictures with glass.

ZIEM, FÉLIX (French)—"*Vue de Venise.*"

Félix Ziem, the painter of Venetian scenes, and contemporary of Puvis de Chavannes, Harpignies, and a small group of other celebrities who immediately succeeded the great masters of the period of 1830, was born at Beaune in 1821, and died in his *atelier* on the heights of Montmartre, Paris, in 1911. He was the son of a Croatian soldier who was made prisoner at Montereau in 1814. After his liberation he decided to stay in France, and settled in Provence, where he married. The boy at his baptism received the names of Felix Francois George Philibert. He was sent at an early age to complete his education at Dijon, and as he was fond of drawing his parents at first thought that the proper career for him would be that of an architect. He followed the lectures on this subject at the École des Beaux-Arts at Dijon, and at the age of eighteen he carried off the *Grand Prix*, and started for Rome. But, instead of going to Italy as a young student of architecture, he suddenly developed a decided leaning toward painting, and set out with a box of colors and brushes.

Rome seemed to him, however, to have been thoroughly exhausted, and he wandered over the rest of Italy in quest of a new field, which

he found at last at Venice. Not that he actually settled on the spot, and resolved to paint nothing else but Venice the rest of his life, as some have imagined, but the old city of the Doges simply, for the moment, appealed to his fancy more than any other. He continued his travels, paid visits to the East, ventured even as far as Constantinople, which was quite a feat in those days, and returned to France, where he spent some time on the Riviera and at Marseilles. En route he picked up whatever teaching he could from various masters, but mostly studied on his own accord. When he came to Paris, some time before the year 1848, he was, therefore, already a young painter with set tastes and forms of art, and merely improved on the scattering knowledge that he had acquired. He used the sketches that he had made in Italy and elsewhere, gave them the finish and perfection that he learned in Paris, and made his debut as an exhibitor as far back as the Salon of 1849,



PORTRAIT

By Mlle. Hélène Clementine Dufau (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"LES CUIRASSIERS"
By Guillaume Regamey (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

when he presented two subjects, a "View of the Bosphorous" and the "Grand Canal of Venice."

Ziem was, above all, a colorist, a luminous painter of brilliant lights and gorgeous tints, which he fixed on canvas with enthusiasm and with passion. He loved colors. He enjoyed transparent glorious blendings of all the vibrations of bright, ethereal sunshine, and some of his works are a symphony of color. They sometimes touch on extravagance, and overwhelm the design, but they are beautiful in their very disorder and glowing excess. His color, which is really the strongest feature of his art, has grand and mellow splendor. He is a capable draughtsman, but not a strong one, as his early schooling was brief and incomplete; but in his Venetian views, painted from the heart in pigments of living fire, there glows and flashes all the harmonious

magnificence of the south. His sunsets flame with melodies of color. Where Rico gives us the Venice of broad daylight and morning, Ziem and I will translate her early mornings and nights into rhythmic notes of color. M. Ziem has been much discussed and decried by some; and in later years his works were little spoken of; but when we read of the enthusiasm with which his works were received and extolled forty and fifty years ago, we are not astonished. There is glory and magnificence in his luminous touches, a golden realism in his pictures of the Levant, the Bosphorous, and, above all, of Venice.

Shortly after the Exhibition of 1900, M. Loubet, then President of France, a great admirer of his paintings, called attention to the fact that the artist was still among the living by paying a sort of ceremonious visit to his atelier in the Rue Lepic, up at Mont-

martre. It was partly, also, to comfort the artist in his advancing age, as he had had his first attack of paralysis, which, after his 80th year, almost completely disabled him from work. He lingered on with the full possession of his mental faculties, but bound to his chair, and scarcely able to speak. He understood perfectly well any conversation that was going on in his presence, and showed it, but it was difficult for him to find his words. He was made a Chevalier de Légion de l'Honneur in 1857, and Officier in 1878.

A large collection of Ziem's paintings may be found in the Petit Palais in Paris; several of his works entered the Louvre before his death, with the Collection Chaudard. I believe this is the only instance

where a living artist has had his work placed in the Louvre.

The "*Vue de Venise*" (shown at the beginning of this article) is a typical work of his best manner and was painted in 1852 for the Salon. It shows the Doges Palace and the Campanile and quays of Venice in the background, under a brilliant sunset sky. In the foreground the canal reflects the fishing boats with their red sails and fishing nets hung out to dry. A loaded gondola gives a touch of movement as it leaves one of the boats in the distance.

REGAMEY, GUILLAUME (French) — "*Les Cuirassiers*."

A military painter much less known than many of his friends, but nevertheless a real



"LA MORTE"
By Albert Besnard (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"LA FEMME SE CHAUFFANT"
By Albert Besnard (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

painter. He gives a certain picturesque quality to his soldiers; the lowest seem heroic. This quality does not show in "Les Cuirassiers" as it does in several that are owned by the museum at Pau, but there is a feeling of great distinction in this work, which is increased by its color of rusty gold. In this picture the reds are oblique and if you look you will see that the reds of the Cottet next to it are horizontal and hold

your attention much longer than the oblique.

This question of distinction of color has a great deal more to do with the enjoyment and ultimate success of a painting than the public in general realizes. Look about you, and see why there is something lacking in feeling in the beautiful "La Vérité" of Lefebvre and "La Jeunesse et l'amour" of Bouguereau. Surely they are not faulty in largeness of design, decorative beauty or

living force. What is it then that causes us to turn away our eyes and force them back to, say the Cottet? It is the quality of the color, and nothing else. When we do not find a tint of rose like the color of youth, the color of a fair face blushing, there will be something lacking. It may be an interest, in vibrancy, in life. In other words, a painting should blush quite as much as the face of a young and comely boy or girl. Naturally as our eyes and our views of life and our fund of sentiment varies, our liking for one sort of blush or another varies from a faint suggestion of a blush to a painfully embarrassing one. And so it is in paintings, but the life, the vibrating quality and joy given forth by a painting depend much upon its blushing quality.



"PORTRAIT DE M^{LE}. MORENO"

By Joseph Granie (French) —Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

HUMBERT, F. (French)—"*Fin de Promenade*."

The frontispiece for this chapter is a splendid picture so far as appearance goes. It attracts, it holds your attention; people entering the room are absorbed in viewing it. It draws them to and into it. Much of this is due to its quality of color and the superb use he has made of it. It is a work of the highest quality, complex in its elements but arranged with sound taste and a firm will. His portraits are freely and gracefully drawn, cheerful in color and broad in technique. A silvery, soothing atmosphere pervades the whole and gives unity to the picture. The broken lights of the sky and landscape are pleasantly repeated in the dress. This pretty child is perfectly simple and natural, in perfect accord with her surroundings, dressed, as it

were, to be a setting for her. She has that perfection of grace which is bred of perfect surroundings and one can know quite well without the asking that she is a nice, polite little lady. He makes harmony between his color and the moral being of the person he paints. Sometimes solidity is a little lacking.

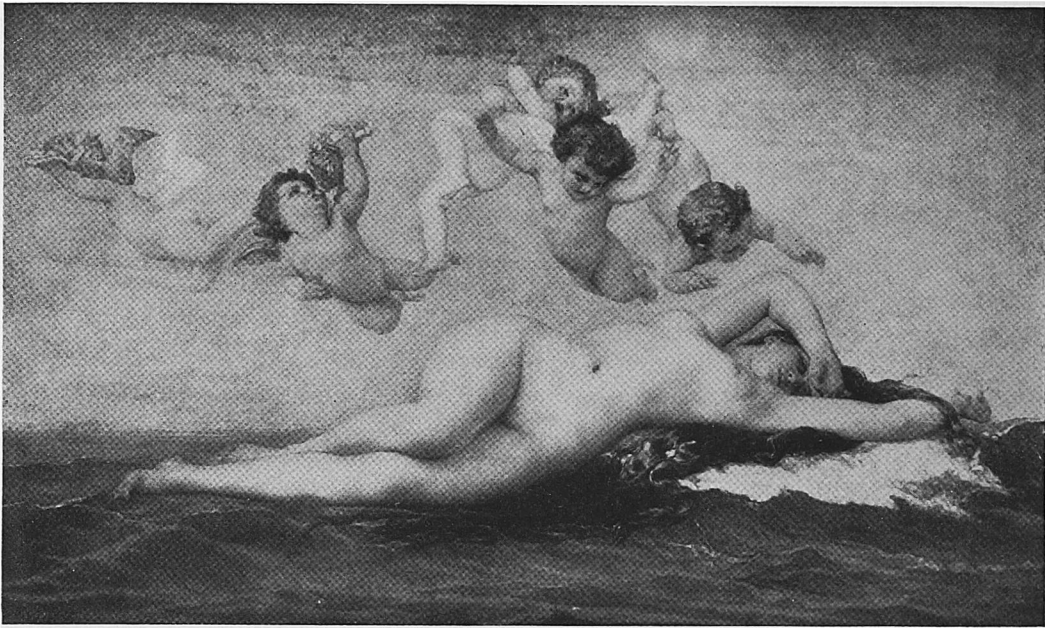
GILBERT, RÉNÉ (French)—"*Portrait de Madam Segond Weber*."

This is one of the later portraits in the Luxembourg and is probably the largest pastel there. In pose and form and drawing it is very fine. The white feather in her hat gives to it a note of distinction. Face and form are excellent. In movement it is good, but everything is ruined by lack of snap. Imagine a fresh, handsome young woman dressed in the reddish brown of



FETE DE NUIT By Gaston La Touche (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"LA NAISSANCE DE VÉNUS"
By Alexandre Cabanel (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

rusty iron; it is too far away from the fresh rose tint of youth.

MEUNIER, CONSTANT (French)—"*Retour des Champs.*"

This has too much pink, too much of the blush we talked about under Chigot; it makes the picture too sweet.

HERMAN ANGLADA-CAMARSA (Spanish).

A beautiful piece of splendid color; and original in vision; it is not in any way an imitation—an interpretation. It is well divided in values and when you go away from it far enough, all fits in together very well.

BESNARD, ALBERT (French)—"*La Morte,*" "*La femme se chauffant.*"

Two Frenchmen at about the same time jumped into publicity, one Albert Besnard, the other Eugene Carrière. No two personalities could have been more different. Besnard loves light, joy, movement, color, the splendor of nature and human luxuries. He plays with brilliant nudes, budding flowers, with wonderful hair, with all the lights of the heavens and those created by man. Carrière studied the depth of shade,

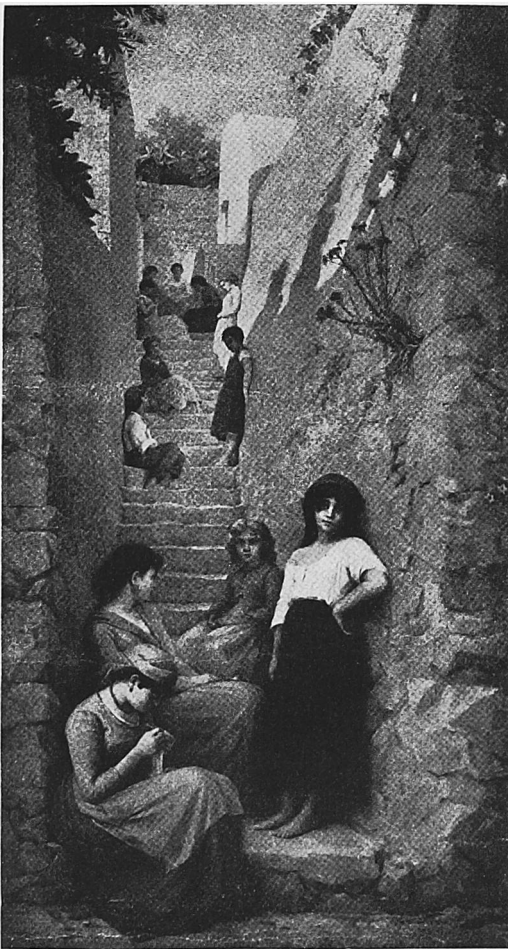
the silences, the intimate circle of family life; he gave little space in his works to outdoors, abhorred movement, restrained his color and his eloquence, and his strength came from his sobriety and apparent poverty. But there is one point where these two contrary natures entirely accord. It is in the understanding of the form. They have, both of them, to a rare degree, the "sense of the model"; that is to say, the determination of the volume of the bodies in space, by the clever calculation of the opposition of light and shade. The bodies they create "turn"; they have the fullness of statues.

I should never have thought of comparing the two men myself, but the above is a very free translation of one of M. Léonce Bénédict's clever comparisons and opened my eyes to this point about them both. Perhaps no two recent men have been more discussed than these two, but now we will separate them, for surely there can be no other points of similarity that would join them in our mind.

Albert Besnard belonged to a family

of artists. His father was a pupil of Ingres and his mother a miniature painter. He studied under Cabanel for a short time and that reminds me that the pupils of Cabanel must form an army. He entered into Impressionism and the *plein air* movements with enthusiasm, and soon emerged with a most remarkable personality. In 1884 he startled the public with one of his studies of two lights. It was of a lady in the conflicting golden lamplight and the lilac lights of evening.

"*Femme se chauffant*" is a picture with this same problem, painted in 1889. It is a view of an entirely nude figure, with her



UN COIN D'OMBRE À CAPRI"
By Jean Benner (French)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"PORTRAIT DE MADAM SEGOND WEBER"
By René Gilbert (French)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

draperies at her feet. She sits upon a fur rug, resting on cushions placed against a chimney that one does not see. She holds a cup to her lips but stops a moment before drinking to fix the fire that throws bright and pearly reflections on her body. It is this illumination which we have learned to associate with Besnard's work. He sees the color in nature about objects with intensity; he creates movement and luminosity and makes objects in the flare of the sun blaze with light.

An altogether different subject is the hauntingly powerful and tragic "*Morte.*" The composition is dignified and restful.

In the presence of work by Besnard the work of the average painter passes almost unseen. One can imagine what would happen to a Cazin, an Iwill or even a Corot if hung near his impudent colors. That is a

risk that is run in sending pictures to the Salon, for example, where thousands of pictures hang on miles of wall space in two, often three rows. Imagine, how bewildered this kaleidoscopic hodge-podge would leave your mind; how untrue your sense of color would become; how almost impossible it would be to even see the pictures that come under the heading of "charming," "tender," etc.

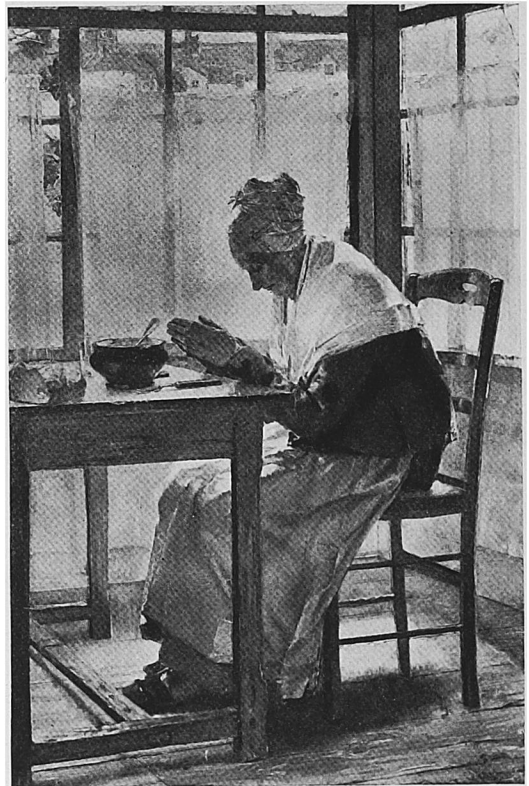
An artist paints for the Salon or other great exhibitions with this killing by contrast in mind, and often it happens that the pictures seen by the public have lost much of the sweetness and charm of the usual work of the painter.

Besnard has had a struggle not only against the opposition of the public, but for years he had to defend his opinions against the prejudices of his fellow painters. He has maintained his views with great valor and some of his early errors finally turned to the advantage of his talent. An artist thorough in training, an exact and firm draughtsman, a delicate and powerful colorist, he has gained for himself a position to be envied. He is undoubtedly of high order, but not a supreme master. His decorations are probably his best work.

He is a Member of the Société Nouvelle, the strongest society among the many that exhibit during the season in Paris. Every member is a man of talent. Many of the names we have grown familiar with are members of this Nouvelle Société—Sargent, Gay and Alexander (Americans); Morrice (Canadian); Carrière, Besnard, Cottet, Menard, Henri Martin, La Touche, Lucien Simon, Aman-Jean, Rodin, Troubetzkoy, etc. The Luxembourg undoubtedly owns pictures from each of these men, but space is so limited in the present gallery that there is practically no room to grow until they move to their new quarters. Everyone so loves this little seeable gallery that the day of moving will not be one of unalloyed joy. The *Petit Palais* is really the Gallery where modern art has or will have its greatest chance to

expand, so M. Henri Lepauze, the Director, tells me. They rightly call these great museums "the great nurseries of painting" of our time.

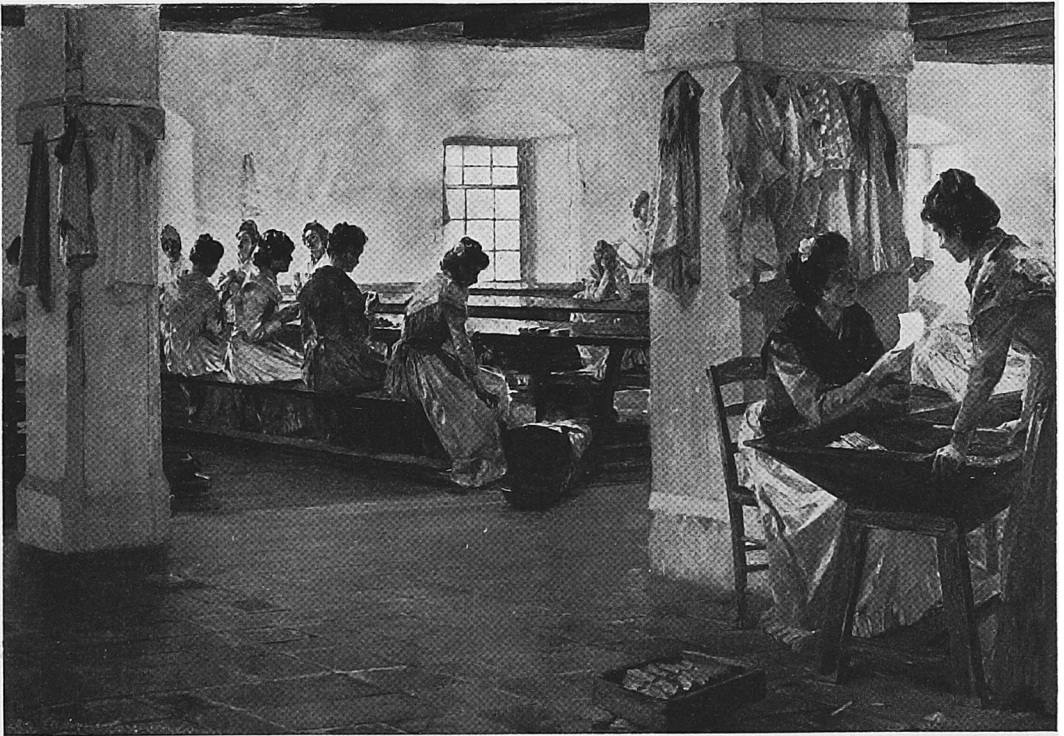
Some of Besnard's critics claim that although he has the good merit of impudence and is not a neutral spirit trenched behind indifference and irony, still he dares with difficulty. They feel a secret discord, a fluttering of the will. To them he seems to advance and recede, without a well-fixed rule, not seeing clearly himself; not assured in his audacities. They say he is like an enthusiast who shouts in the midst of soft voices and then blushes. His lyrism is neither disturbing nor tranquil, now one, now the other, excessive, then timid, tossed about from the simple and cordial to the eccentric. He is a prolific painter and he still may grow less "impudent" and then please—nobody. The critics scold because



LE BENEDICITE

By Walter Gay (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"LES CIGARRERAS"
By Walter Gay (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

a man follows along in line with others; then they scold when he sidesteps. "What is the poor painter to do?"

"Port d'Alger" has an over-supply of color, especially pink, a color nature uses sparingly.

LA TOUCHE, GASTON (French) — *"Les Cygnes."*

All his very early days were spent at St. Cloud, where he still has his studio. How much of an impression the beautiful gardens and Versailles made upon his mind shows very plainly in his later works, where the feeling of both places is constantly confronting us. It grows monotonous telling the story of difficulties overcome, but his varies a little from the usual, in that he had his own way early.

His parents violently opposed his painting. He violently opposed all their plans, so things came to a deadlock and he stayed home, earning two francs a week by keep-

ing busy about the house and garden. With a half smile and twinkling eyes he said to M. — one day: "My dear, good parents! Everything was against them. By living in the kitchen I was seized with admiration for the beauties of the still-life around, the gleaming copper pans, the earthenware browned by the fire, the play of light on all these inanimate objects. I kept on painting all the same, with hairless brushes on stray bits of wood and old box-lids; and those who knew the family kitchen at that time will remember the walls covered with my studies of saucepans, skinned rabbits, cabbages and every conceivable thing."

At one time he was intensely keen for all things real, and all imaginative things in pictures were criminal. "Nothing counted save that which was due to direct observation of nature itself; work done from the model," and at this time he treated everything with the fiercest realism, but gradually his ideas changed until he came into his

present manner. One feels the dazzle of his pictures physically, so as to be almost unhappy before them. A pitiless splendor, not without charm, all the shades of the prism with the violence of the rose window of a cathedral pierced by the rays of broad sunlight—an extraordinary colorist.

Most of his pictures are problems of light, in the play and counterplay of reflections. His works give the feeling of an extremely nervous, excitable, impressionable man, but withal a man of taste, delicacy and refinement.

He is found fault with because of his facility for one thing. Those who demand a firm foundation to start with say he has never had any instruction, that his designs are not sufficiently precise or strong enough for easel pictures, but suffice for his fan-

tastic *genre*; that he shocks in his large works, which are peopled with nudes treated with a sovereign disdain for form and a rudimentary sense of relief. They charm his imagination and temperament and lead him beyond all bounds; that between his talents and his aspirations the step is too great. La Touche's art is particularly a matter of taste. Everyone admits that he is a born colorist; that he knows marvelously well the use of his materials. Water colors he uses so personally that no one has been able to imitate him, except occasionally by a happy accident. His pictures are spirited and ardent and the decorative qualities are brilliantly employed. To be handled roughly by the public is better than to be ignored.

"*Les Cygnes*" and "*Fete de nuit*" show



"JAPONERIES"
By Walter Gay (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



“LA NUIT”
By Henri Fantin-Latour (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

his manner very well. The latter is a scene of fireworks on the water. Amorous couples in boats guided by fauns glide past us. A work filled with light, air and color seen through La Touche's own infatuated vision. It is absolutely personal in everything and the artist was so interested with it as a whole that he made himself a part of it. In other words, he got into the picture himself.

GRANIE, JOSEPH (French)—
"Portrait de Mlle. Moreno."

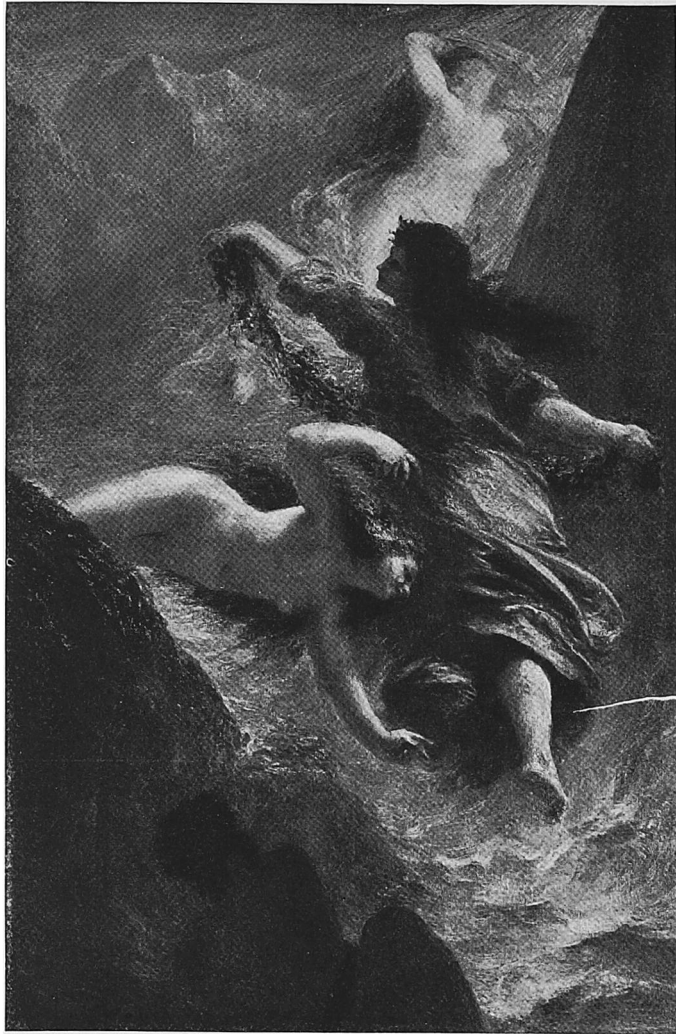
This is a portrait of Mlle. Marguerite Moreno of the Comedie Française and was exhibited in the Salon of 1900. Granie follows the lead of the Germans of the Sixteenth Century and almost equals them in technique and modeling. It is this which gives to his work a particular value.

CABANEL, ALEXANDRE
 (French)—*"La naissance de Venus."*

Although Cabanel has been dead more than twenty years, his "Birth of Venus" is still hung in the Luxembourg, and with Gérôme and Bouguereau, forms a group of what was probably the best among the modern classic and traditional painters. These men add to the sensation perceived by the eye and the mind, the uncertain acquisitions of experience and education, which have created a wholly imaginary objective world. The qualities of composition and technical perfection, the refined elegance of drawing, fascinated them.

Cabanel was enamoured by beautiful mythological nudes, harmonious lines and the tender warmth of feminine flesh.

"La Naissance de Venus" was painted in



SOUVENIR DE BAYREUTH
 By Henri Fantin-La Tour (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

1863 and is one of the most charming pieces of the nude painted during the time when nudes were very much in favor. The quality of the color, the "blush" holds your attention. It is more graceful than Collins' *"Floreal."* It is superb in its beauty of line. Beauty of line is generally the graceful line of things. A horizontal or vertical line is just a line, just straight. It can be done with a ruler. Grace in line is suggested by one of nature's movements, while a straight horizontal line is not nature, but man's invention. Even the horizon is not straight;



"LES FOINS"

By Jules Bastien-Lepage (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

it curves. Vertical line, as it goes up far enough, curves. That is why cathedrals look so much higher than they are; they make things smaller as they go up and this multiplies the sense of height.

In the *"Birth of Venus"* the goddess is represented not as arising from the sea, but gently, slowly awakening to life, floating on a wave, with her beautiful blonde hair mingling with its foam. Five little Loves, flying above in the blue morning sky, announce her birth through their conch shells. The picture is full of grace and it need scarcely be said, much more French than Greek in feeling, the attitude being

conscious and the face arch in expression. Her head, with its long, fair hair, is full of the beauty of which Cabanel was so complete a master.

Cabanel's career was a happy and fortunate one. He received all the honors possible for France to give. He was given walls at the Pantheon and Hotel de Ville to decorate. His portraits of women are better than those of his men. He was a gentle, sympathetic man and had the gift of translating feminine character with all its natural grace and distinction. Perhaps his most admired portrait is that of the Duchesse de Vallombrosa and the simple

and great effigies of the founders of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

It is a proof of Cabanel's power as a teacher and the love his gentle nature inspired in his scholars, that he for years directed the most popular *atelier* of the *École des Beaux-Arts*. He taught without compelling his students to imitate him, the secret of his success. Bastien-Lepage was one of his pupils and so was Benjamin-Constant. Such contrasts of style occur continually among his pupils, of whom it is related that at a Salon late in the last century no less than one hundred and twelve were represented among the exhibitors.

BENNER, JEAN (French)—"*Un coin d'ombre à Capri*."

The sky is not in accord with the landscape. It belongs to another place, another time of day, another day, and another kind

of weather. This produces a double feeling as you look at the picture and divides your attention. You leave it and pass on without feeling that you have enjoyed yourself.

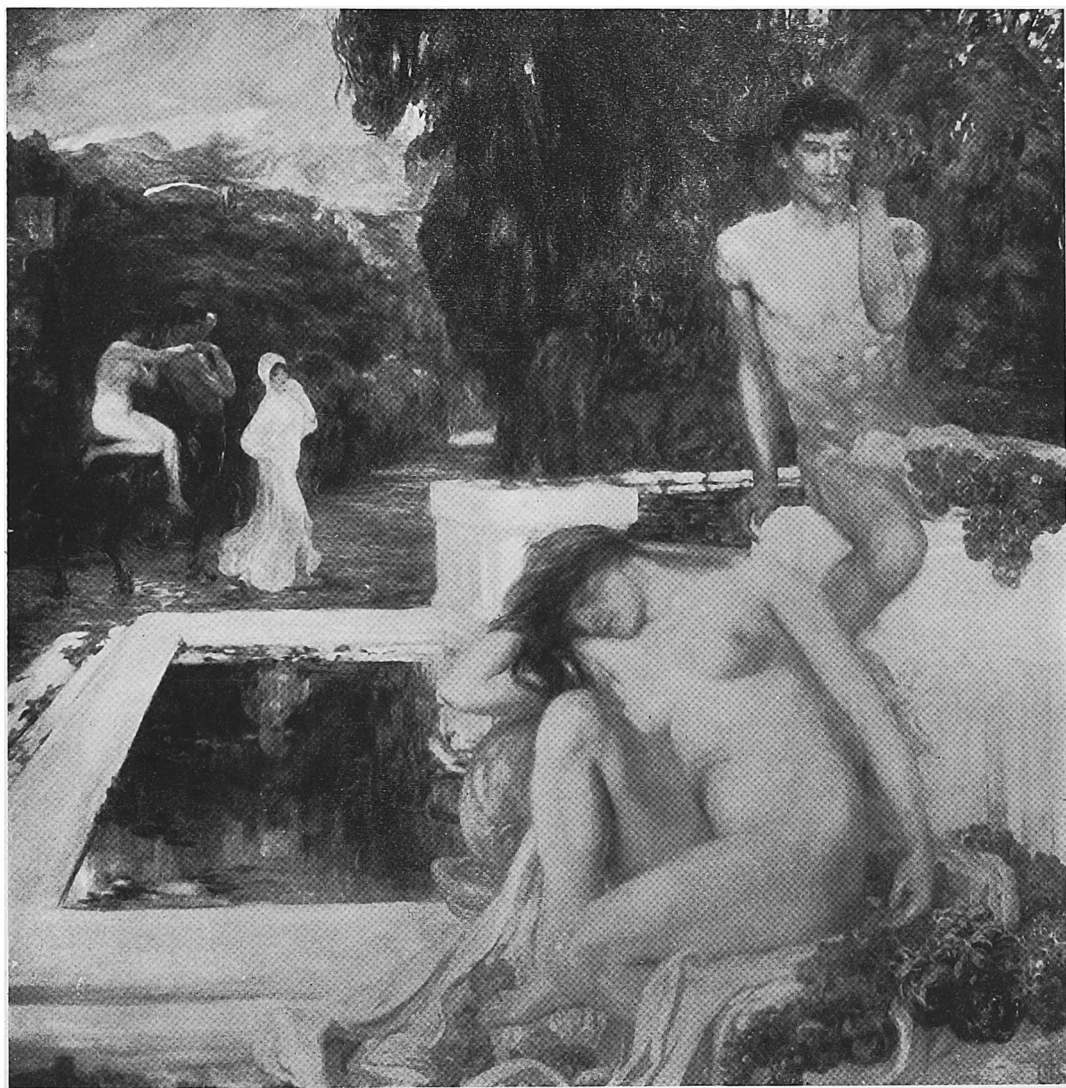
GAY, WALTER (American)—"*Les Cigarres*"—"Japoneries"—"*Le Bénédicité*."

Mr. Gay has the distinction of having sold more pictures to France than any other stranger. The Luxembourg loaned its "*Les Medaillons*" to the *Nouvelle Société*, when it had its exhibition in America last winter (1911). Mr. Gay was a pupil of Bonnat, and exhibited in the Salon of 1879 for the first time. For some years he continued painting *genre* and costume pictures with great cleverness, then followed a period of ugly old women. The pictures we are most familiar with are his interiors. Like Stevens, his interiors will be historically interesting a few years hence outside of their



"SAINT SÉBASTIEN"
By Théodule Ribot (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"BACCHUS"

By Mlle. Hélène Clementine Dufau (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

other qualities. Whether he selects the interior of a palace, a hut or a church, he paints with a dainty precision that never shows the cold minuteness of overfinish. His preference, however, seems to be for a refined, charmingly arranged, modern drawing-room, where life is not completely absent. He paints draperies rich in color and rare in fabric, backgrounds of the muffled hues of faded tapestry and oriental rugs, vases with superb enamel, laces, flowers; a Lancret in a tarnished frame on the

wall, the gleam of a chimney-piece, the iridescent lights on a china jar or a Hispano-Moorish plate, a commode by Boulle or Riesener, a Louis XVI table; the wainscoting, the walls too, all come in for his keen observation. Such are the objects he paints—still life—but a breath of life is felt in these inanimate things, thanks to his sensitive perception of color. They are inanimate things and they speak to you quite as the portrait of a man, woman or child would speak.

His intimate atmosphere bathes everything. In these interiors there is the glow of the joy of the days; the books that the hand reaches out to take naturally, the vase, the old clock, the well-worn rug, take on a personal expression. He endows them with a feeling of vitality. We feel as if we knew them and as if they could belong only where he has found them. The light filters through green blinds, with absolute truth. The quietness too attracts us.

Mr. Gay uses water color also with great freedom. He uses this medium in the painting of landscapes as well as interiors and succeeds to a remarkable degree in preserving his personality in both.

"*Le Bénédicité*," painted in 1888, one of his pictures, easily seen, easily understood, I believe has been sent to the Museum at Amiens, but many will remember it. An old peasant woman seated at the table in profile, before a frugal meal, her hands folded in the moment's prayer. The soft day light comes in through windows curtained in white.

"*Les Cigarreras*" is an entirely different subject, although still an interior, but one of Spain. This one is of a vaulted room, with the light thrown from the background onto the white-washed walls, giving a very clever touch. These blue-black haired girls, with the coquettish flower over the ear, are rolling tobacco between their fingers. While working they chatter and the reflections of sad to gay thoughts flitter across their faces. The eye is delighted with the original harmony of the tones, and with the contrast of strong sunshine in one portion of the composition with bright diffused light in the other.

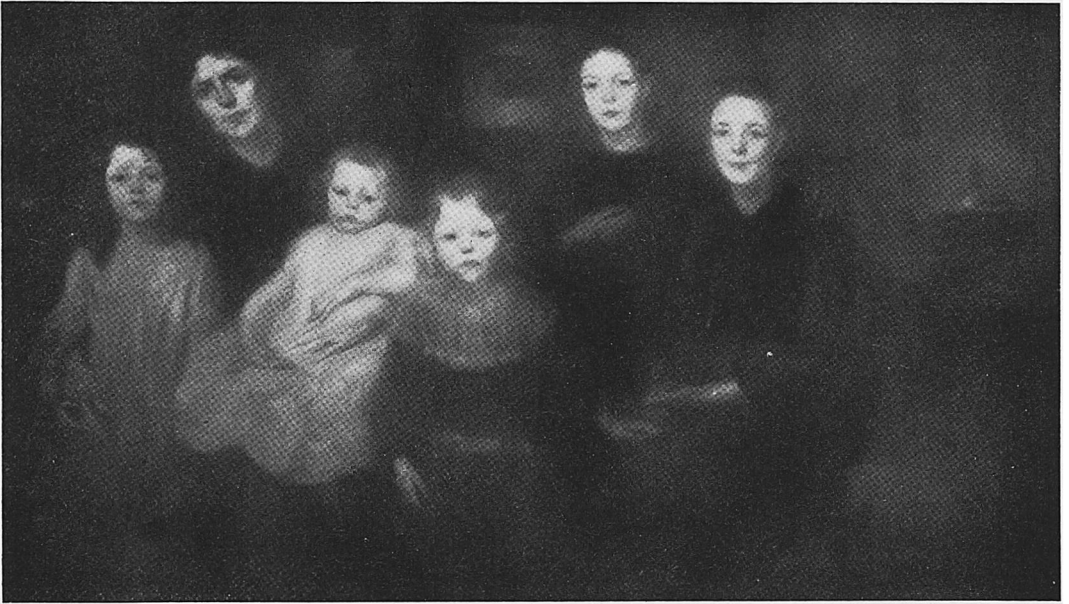
"*Japoneries*," purchased by the French Government in 1911, is still another of these interiors.

FANTIN-LA TOUR, HENRI (French)—"*La Nuit*"—"Souvenir de Bayreuth."

This artist had the luck to be born of an artistic family. His father had a good deal of talent; his mother was a Russian. He

was another pupil of de Boisbaudran, of whom we have spoken as the teacher of Rodin, L'hermitte, Cazin, and a number of other great artists. He also studied under Ingres and Courbet. This trio with the Louvre at his disposal certainly ought to have developed anything in him, if it were there. He made a great many copies at the Louvre and sold them to all parts of the world,—including Greece and Mexico, where perhaps a regular gold mine of old masters (?) will appear one of these days. He made three copies of Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana." One is at the Belfast Gallery, another in America and the third was in his studio at the time of his death. The one copying of this one was interrupted by the French and German war. After the war he tried his own wings. He started by painting portraits, then great groups with a dozen people in them; one, "le Toast," he later on destroyed. The interesting musical inspirations and "l'Atelier aux Batignolles" we have already spoken of. For a rest from the difficulties of these great pieces where he was confronted by all the temperamental qualities of these exceptionally temperamental people, he painted the most marvelous flower pieces, veritable bouquets. His portraits are cold in comparison. He is, I suppose, the flower painter par excellence.

Fantin-Latour's art is fascinating, it is so full of life, so intense, so simple in technique; the delicate harmonies are filled with the atmosphere of poetry. During his lifetime he received honors, a great many of them, but not the highest; a picture in the National Gallery at London was perhaps the most unusual. It is said that he himself felt sufficiently satisfied if his still life pictures were compared with those of Chardin, whom he had copied and greatly admired. When he painted three peaches placed on a bed of leaves or a bunch of grapes, to be told that "It is more beautiful than Chardin," was all sufficient for him.



"LA FAMILLE"
By Eugène Carrière (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

In "*La Nuit*" Mantin-Latour has selected the colors of the sky, the colors far away from and up above the earth. Lilac pink and a suspected yellow here form the tone of his palette. They are the colors of the far away heavens. His starting tone is with the blue in his draperies. The figure is that of a lilac pink and is of a superb and haunting quality.

Fantin expressed himself in pastel, oil, in any material that expressed what he wished to say at the moment. The means employed by the artist to gain that end being of secondary importance, just as the prose of a great poet will not allow any to forget that it is a poet who writes. The form may be different, that is all.

There was never a man more anxious than he to make the most of his life and to fill each hour with its allotted work. He worked steadily in the early hours of the morning. His meetings with his hosts of friends and his passionate enjoyment of music all had their regulated hours. He was adored by the people around his country estate.

BASTIEN-LEPAGE, JULES (French)—"*Les Foins*."

At the moment when Impressionism was most keenly discussed and gaining ground little by little, many fearing to adopt it entirely, but seeing good in parts of it, found a compromise in the work of a young artist, Bastien-Lepage, and up sprang the school of *Plein air*. This soon gained all the French school and most other countries followed. He was an admirer of both Puvis de Chavannes and Manet and sifted or diluted their genius to the strength of weaker men and so became a head of a "School" himself. It was the picture "*Grand père*" which caused a band of young men to proclaim him Master. Some of the enthusiasts of the day said "It is a window opened upon Nature." This awakened a universal evolution towards the analytical study of light and atmosphere.

But to go back to Bastien-Lepage. He was the son of a peasant and in all the conventional learning of Cabanal's atelier, where he was a student, the taste of the rustic remained with him until his death in

1884. Venetian art did not touch him. Of the intellectual aristocracy of the masters of Florence, he understood nothing.

He exercised great influence over his contemporaries, both personally and by his work. His sayings are often quoted: "Nothing is good but truth;" "A man ought to paint what he knows and what he loves;" "Everything ought to be treated as a portrait, even a tree, a still life," etc.

These sayings of artists are most interesting. I suppose in the last year I have heard a hundred of Velasque's sometimes quoted, but more often than not, they are as common property now, for instance, as some of our good old standbys—"The good die young," etc.

"*Les Foins*" was painted three years after "Grand Père" and is a most charac-

teristic work. It follows his personal formula of naturalism, which does not forbid poesy, or exclude knowledge. "*Les Foins*" is hay cutting time, with the dry weather of hay making, which is quite necessary for the kind of soil painted by Bastien-Lepage. In this country, however, dry weather is not so necessary, for grain will dry there, if the sky is clear and the day is warm and hot, for on these sand hills and dunes moisture will be taken up almost instantly by the soil. His work, while not dramatic, is very effective. Here as elsewhere by choice his colors usually are neutral, his effects personal.

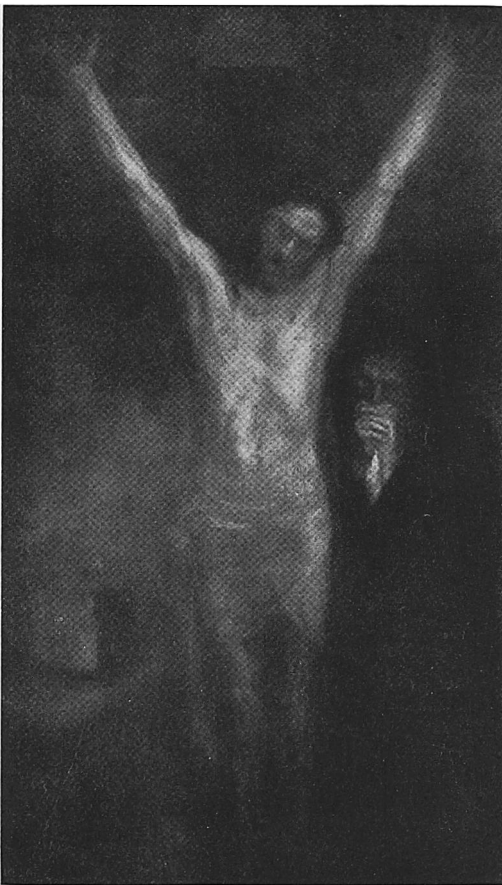
In this picture, as in L'Hermittes' "*La pays des Moissonneurs*," it is the color of dirt in the clothes worn by the man and woman that gives the feeling of labor. The



"MATERNITE"
By Eugene Carrière (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

contrast between this color and the white in the clouds intensifies this feeling. The fresh-cut hay all over the field when dry will be the color of the woman's dress; indeed, it is fast shading into it. By selecting this color for the dress, the artist has intensified the feeling of hay. Selection in color has been further exercised in the color of the man's clothes. The color of his pants and coat represents the condition of the soil when dry. The line of green at the far edge adds a moist or wet feeling; it is where the usual gully of water separates the fields. The selection of these colors for the clothes of the man and woman intensifies the feeling of place, wherein all colors approximate that of drying hay. The color of the weeds, the earth



"CHRIST"
By Eugene Carrière (French)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

itself, the stones and clothes, all help in this. Where Fantin-La Tour selected the colors of the sky, Bastien-Lepage selected the colors of the earth and things near it. Then the horizontal line across the field adds to its feeling of simplicity, while the sameness of direction in which everything points in it, adds to it the feeling of rhythm, the woman sitting up being the only accent in the whole scene, while the reflection cast by the man's shirt and the shining cover of the bucket draw our eyes right across the canvas. The color in the woman's corsage and the bucket brace up the color of the grass and hay, which otherwise might be a little monotonous.

A penetrating accent of realism gives a very lively zest to his figures even though they be of the most ordinary. Often it happens that the proportions of his canvas, where the persons are placed at hazard, as in a corner, give the feeling of a fragment of a mural painting. The tonality, the intensity of observation of a minute unpoetical kind, and the strong rendering are equally striking. This dull and wide-eyed peasant girl, seated on the hay and staring stupidly at nothing, by the side of her sleeping companion, lingers long in the memory.

RIBOT, THÉODULE (French)—"*Saint Sebastien*."

The almost nude body of the saint is thrown on the ground. He is partly resting on his poor arrow-pierced arms. His head is raised, his eyes closed and his mouth painfully open. Near him two women dressed in somber garments kneel, giving him what aid they can. In the foreground lies a broken arrow. The leaden green color of the flesh is in strong relief with the heavy shadows of the almost black background.

Ribot naturally reminds one of the Spaniard Ribot a Ribera in his name and subject, if nothing more. His training was varied from that of a tailor to a contractor. His first exhibition at the Salon was in 1861

when he showed some kitchen scenes. These attracted attention to his work and they were compared favorably with the still life of Chardin by some enthusiasts. He was at any rate a strong and capable painter with a rare mastery of execution. His is a magic concentration of light which sometimes he obtains at the expense of truth. The memory of Rembrandt haunts his spirit, showing him to be a colorist in the sense of Dutch art. He attracts at the first view; he repeats himself too often; most of his portraits of women are all treated in the same fashion, the color work seldom varying. He is monotonous in color and work.

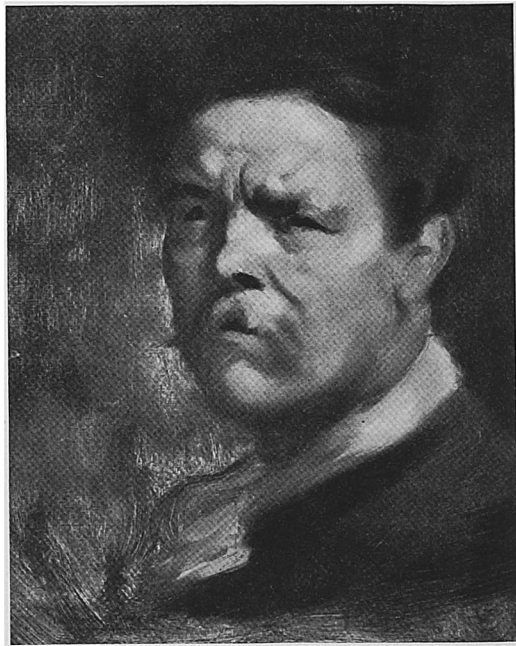
DUFAU, M^{lle}. HÉLÈNE CLEMENTINE (French)—"*Bacchus*."

Is one of the younger artists. She did not enter the Salon until 1895 and I think she was at that time still a pupil at the Julien Academy. The picture had so many good things about it that she jumped into prominence at once. There was grace and largeness of composition, solidity of form, at once firm and fluid, lightness of brush, freshness and charm. This "*Bacchus*" is dazzling and sweet; it is very feminine but without hesitation or feebleness. It is a dream of beauty fully realized. She has placed these nudes in the heart of nature; the gleam of the human skin is tenderly caressed by fresh light amid the foliage and fruit. The landscape is beautiful, delicately luminous. The newness of nature mingles with a feeling of antiquity. We look through a transparent fluid, an impalpable atmosphere. One of the keenest observers I have ever known says M^{lle}. Dufau is the greatest female painter who has ever lived.

Here are a few notes of pictures whose color quality has something about it that I have noticed, but have no reproductions of the pictures.

"*La Veille*" by A. Breanne, has an oversupply of color.

"*Vieux coin de Marlotte*" by R. Juste, has



SELF PORTRAIT OF CARRIÈRE

By Eugène Carrière (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

little, if any, vibrant color or tone; it is too red. Rather like Harpignies.

"*La Marne, le soir*" by Bouche, is too brassy in color to be pleasant.

"*L'Angelus*" by Larousse, has the leadish green quality of death.

"*Soir de lune sur l'oasis*" by Jean Adolphe Chudant (French). Chudant is a painter of the nocturnes of the desert.

"*Usine à Rouen*" by Binet—the pink of wine.

CARRIÈRE, EUGÈNE (French)—"*Maternité*," "*La Famille*," "*Christ*."

Eugene Carrière was made prisoner during the French-German war and sent to Dresden where he haunted the galleries, Rembrandt especially interesting him. After the war he studied under Cabanel for five years. He married and was forced by poverty to use his family as models. This proved good fortune in the end, for it practically made him. In the beginning Carrière started with the real gift of colorist. He came, by chance, under the influence of

some pastels by Fantin-Latour and probably Henner also had some influence upon him; at any rate, during this time his colors were charming, the subjects being principally children. In 1887 he painted a portrait of the sculptor Devillez, which is fine—perhaps his best, for those who do not belong to the Cult Carrière—for be it understood there was such a cult, almost a religion, among his admirers. This portrait was painted in rich sober tones with beautiful limpid light and shade.

Little by little his colors and forms changed, becoming more and more austere, possibly corresponding with his new moral ideal of human philosophy. His palette finally lowered to black, brown and white. He was possessed with a desire to do big things in the way of enveloping everything with air and atmosphere. Houssaye said, what Carrière tried to express in his visions—"Nothing is completely distinct. To fix our ideas let us start from the atmospheric air. Not alone does it surround and bathe what we call form, but it penetrates it, it dissolves itself in it. Not alone is there contiguity, but there is continuity of substance between the air and these forms because the oxygen incorporates itself into their matter and comes out of it. Nothing in nature is completely distinct from anything else. Things emerging from the atmosphere are bathed by it and partly carried away."

He dwelt much upon this air that plays so great a part in nature, saying that a figure stands surrounded by atmosphere, as a fish is surrounded by water, only one is a substance less dense. "This atmosphere must be represented, must be felt between you and the model and between the model and the background; therefore you cannot properly render even a study of the model without also painting the background." To his eyes everything was blurred, indistinct; nothing was detached, so that by exaggerating this manner of seeing a little, he obtained surprising effects. He would hardly

see a figure standing before him but would catch sight of it, blurred, shrouded, transfigured, lost and melting into soft half-lights; he dreamed it, or rather some fragments of it, expressive and significant fragments, no doubt, a face, or hands, or some part of the dress floating and looming through the hazy twilight. He argued that "The human body was not a cast, but a piece of *repoussé* work hammered out by great blows from within." He talked much of the bone formation, of the fact that it was necessary to construct the head before one could give life to it. He attacked the drawing by marking out the prominences, the curves, the hollows and the reliefs, and in that way brought out the form itself instead of trying to produce it by a line, which is at best only the indication of the form. In other words, he worked on the lines of the sculptor. Some say he did nothing of the kind, that he did not take the trouble to draw, but painted a monochrome curtain of tone over the whole thing.

One of Carrière's admirers wrote his experience in an effort to copy one of these "easily accomplished effects." He says it was only after patient hours spent in trying to reproduce in fac-simile these strange, elusive pictures that he grasped their technical qualities, their poetic intention, their thoughtful nature and could fully recognize the difficult achievement of the artist.

Like everything original, it is a dangerous style to imitate. I think it is generally admitted that Carrière's figures show great strength of modeling, though they are enveloped in an atmosphere that makes them most elusive.

"*La Famille*" and "*Maternité*," or as it is often called, "Goodnight," are pictures of intimate family life. They are painted in a grave but at the same time tender manner. These two pictures have the interiors he delighted in. Sometimes the mist was the result of natural means purposely arranged by means of the skillful control

and exclusion of strong light. This gave to his vision a kind of transparent smoke from the midst of which emerge beings of great reality, notwithstanding the want of definition in their forms and the ghastly pallor of features, generally expressive of pain.

In this particular "*Maternité*" (I believe the Luxembourg owns three) a young mother with three children emerges from the mist. She presses the baby upon her lap against her body, while the other hand reaches forward and clingingly, with slender fingers, holds the little face that meets her kiss. The third child is just leaving the room. I feel sure she has been kissed "Goodnight" too, but just why the mother should look so agonized over it all, I do not know. It is in this that Carrière's "*Maternités*" differ from the many representations of maternal cares as painted by most artists, in that the impression is neither calm nor happy. Carrière's mother produces the impression of a mother much troubled, careworn and harassed, and her ghastly face is expressive of pain and suffering.

Compare Carrière's "*Maternité*" with Israel's; one is as calm as the other is troubled. Nevertheless it is a haunting poem of the mysteries of motherhood, the gestures caught at the very moment,—a perfect picture of mother-love and home-life, full of feeling without sentimentality. When Whistler saw one of Carrière's "*Maternités*" at the Salon he said, "Oh, here's that naughty man who has been smoking in the nursery again." And the joke of it is that some see resemblance between Carrière and Whistler.

Carrière's "*Christ*" is as different from most Christs as are his mothers different from those we are accustomed to see,—on canvas. Christ on the Cross inspires all artists; it gives them the opportunity to express profound sentiment, pity, physical and moral suffering and from the point of view of the painter himself it allows him to

prove that he can model a beautiful body with fine flesh color, and learnedly attach to the body the arms shriveled by pain and held by the nails which have pierced the hands. Then the sky offers another chance to exhibit skill, for a sky dignified enough for this tragedy must be a passionate, unhappy and sadly mournful one. Any one or all of these motives may be in the painter's mind, but it would seem that Carrière had concentrated in the character of Christ. The form and features are barely defined, but the Spirit of the Man stands before us. Of color, as generally understood, there is none. The mysterious brown figure melts into its background. The pallid face and hands are in a strange and hazy glow; his figure gains solidity; the substance and body of the figure seem powerfully presented, but we see nothing of surrounding details; place is immaterial; the eye centers on the main figure; there is nothing to distract our attention from the pathetic subject. Many persons feel that this Christ on the Cross is one of the most religious paintings of the century; that this vision of Carrière's soul was conveyed to canvas with a seemingly unconscious effort, that it is the outcome of assiduous study of nature and contains a store of observation and feeling; that it is a grand inspiration, rendered in paint, of what is true and beautiful, while another can only see in it what many critics grumblingly say—something like the following: "There is no opinion to state in this matter. If the artist really sees in this way it is a case similar to the artists who only see certain colors. There is only a difference between his vision and that of the generality of men, and any discussion is impossible. It is regrettable to see a painter adopt a *parti pris*, which by a thick veil suppresses all the difficulties of design, of color and of light." A religious picture particularly is so very dependent on one's own self. Compare this with L'hermites or Von Udhe's religious pictures and make up your own mind as to its beauty

and sincerity. We all have that privilege, remembering that a great deal is allowed to a style that is distinctly original. Carrière himself was a man who held faithfully to a lofty ideal, walked calmly towards a definite goal, but to others he was intangible and mysterious as life itself. His life was simple to the verge of banality, but for him it was full to overflowing with interest because it was in touch with the simple elements of humanity. He died in 1906 after suffering for a long time bravely and simply.

His influence has been great and it has led to the envelopment of objects not only in painting but in sculpture and even in literature. A big, impetuous, one-sided

man is apt to overdo what he attempts to do, and we are apt to look at him with contempt. Such a man is frequently a great man, for he does what he has in mind bravely and usually without profit, recognition or honor, and yet it is done for the benefit of mankind. Such work is noble and the man who does it is noble.

When you stand and look at one of Carrière's works you can think of nothing else but his new revelation, his new word to art, his message which tells us that heretofore we have not taken sufficient note of the enveloping ever-present and ever-visible atmosphere and our mind is much as it is when we stand before Niagara Falls. We can think of nothing else at the time.